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"What fools these Mortals be!"

Puck

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THE WATERS OF RECIPROCITY.

SECRETARY SHAW. — Courage, Stand-Patriots! You can save the dam yet!



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

IN THE art of preserving the Peach, many a deft housewife is less dexterous than Paul Morton.

THE RECENT doings of the Dove of Peace must entitle him or her, as the case may be, to a perch in the cote beside Noah's noted bird.

THERE IS so much talk about Booker Washington's "white luncheons" that it would help some if Booker would always call for brown bread, or whole wheat at the least.

GOVERNOR FOLK of Missouri will ask for a reduction of the tax rate when the legislature next convenes. To this type of indirect "rake-off" none of Missouri's tax-payers will enter an objection.

A GREAT MANY of us agree with Thomas A. Edison that it is unpleasant "to deal with men whose lives are devoted to getting money." We might try the plan of remaining at home on pay-day and having our envelopes sent to us.

ED. HOWE seems to need a great deal of admiration. He remarks in his *Atchison Globe*: "There is always a controversy going on as to the worst man in town; but nobody seems to pay much attention to the best man in town."

HOW MUCH of the money, wrongfully obtained from the Equitable, would ever have come back to it, had the return depended solely upon Hendricks and his department? Here is a sum in mental arithmetic for the policyholder to do.

THE CARNEGIE Peace Palace at the Hague will include among other impressive apartments a small and a large court of justice. Arguments in the highest court of all, the Court of Last Resort, will continue to be made outside—by cannon.

RUSSIA ACCEPTS the terms only as a temporary necessity. The nation will take a rest and then travel again.—*Novoe Vremya*.

Russian ability to travel, the war undoubtedly demonstrated—particularly when Mr. Oyama was the affable agent and courier.

WITTE'S DESPATCH to the Czar, "Russia remains in the Far East the great Power which it has hitherto been," must have lifted a vast load off the mind of Rojestvensky. The Admiral, somehow or other, had acquired a contrary impression.

UNHAMPERED now by a war with men in Manchuria, the Cossacks may devote their entire time to the war with women and children in Russia. Against the latter, unarmed and helpless, the Czar's chivalrous cavalymen have achieved their most notable victories. There is nothing to prevent, from now on, one glorious succession of triumphs.

A PITTSBURGH instructor of gymnastics and fencing displays in his prospectus this paragraph prominently: The wearing of corsets during exercises is positively forbidden. Which simply means that, figuratively speaking, the Professor is opposed to gym jams.

SHORT HISTORY of the war, for young Russian students, approved by the Czar: "After one or two unimportant naval engagements and a number of unimportant skirmishes in Manchuria, we encountered the enemy at Portsmouth, in the United States of America, and won a decisive diplomatic victory."

THE ST. PETERSBURG *Slovo* thinks Russia has been brought pretty low when, because she was not obliged to pay an indemnity, she rejoiced. This view of the case has been held by others also. Now that we think of it, Witte's triumphant, "Not one sou," *did* seem a bit inconsistent with the idea of "great Russia."

IF REPRESENTATIVE TOWNSEND has found a way to make a law that shall include the refrigerator car lines "within the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission," he will have achieved a feat and accomplished a result of lasting benefit.—*The Brooklyn Eagle*.

But not if the limit penalty is to be a trivial fine. The wrist-slap method of trust curbing must give way to something more convincing ere the days of "lasting benefit" arrive.



"GREAT RUSSIA."

THE WAR AT HOME WILL BE CONTINUED.

ANOTHER MYTH PUNCTURED.

[Col. Watterson says that there never has been a mint julep made on his Kentucky farm, and that he never had a mint bed.]



COUNT that day lost whose low descending sun
Sees not the jacket of tradition dusted;
Some cherished hero gleefully undone,
Some hoary myth incontinently busted.

I never loved a yarn like Jonah's whale,
Marveling that esophagus elastic,
But when I came to know it well the tale
Was punctured by some wretch iconoclastic.

That dear old legend of my earliest youth,
Brave William Tell and he that would Tell hang high,
Turned out to be as destitute of truth
As war despatches from Chefoo or Shanghai.

How many, many years we have enjoyed
That joke about Kentucky's favorite Colonel!
'T was ever fresh; its humor never cloyed;
It has appeared in every daily journal.

This flower of wit has blossomed into print
In more varieties than Holland's tulip;
Watterson was synonymous with mint;
One never thought of him without a julep.

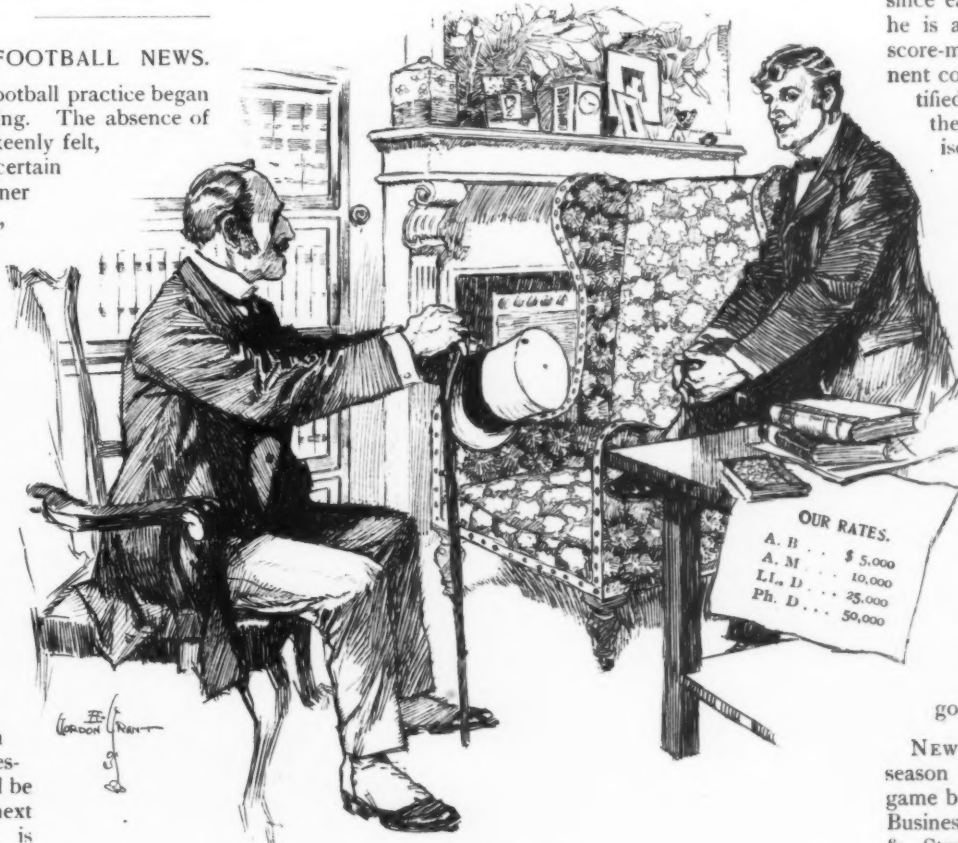
It was the paragrapher's stock in trade,
This jest; he never thought to overdo it.
But now with Tell and Jonah it is laid
Away for ever. There was nothing to it.

Is naught, then, true? I swear I'm all at sea.
Must all our pet beliefs be taken from us?
As Shakespeare once inquired, Can such things be
And like a cloud of summer overcome us?

ADVANCE OF FOOTBALL NEWS.

NEW HAVEN.—Football practice began here this morning. The absence of Mike Murphy was keenly felt, but it is practically certain that Yale's next trainer will be Paul Morton, for almost obvious reasons. Dr. Parkhurst, who was awarded a position on the All-America team last season for his kicking ability, has reported for practice. Chauncey Depew will not return to Yale this season, as he has to support himself, and even amateur athletics will not support him in the style to which he has been accustomed. Taft will play center, as usual. A practice game with the Scranton Correspondence School will be conducted by mail next Saturday. Hogan is back.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Stadium was crowded



THE 'VARSITY SLOT.

INTIMATE FRIEND.—Has your university got as much money as it needs?
MODERN COLLEGE PRESIDENT.—Well, no; but we are getting it—by Degrees!



SURE DEATH.

CLANCY.—Kelly's landlord is dead!
ROONEY.—The Devil! Phat killed him?
CLANCY.—He asked for his rint!

with gridiron aspirants yesterday afternoon. Jim Hyde, '98, was out for practice, tackling the dummy with considerable success. Ted Roosevelt, '80, will try for the team again this year as he is taking a post graduate course in college. Harvard will strengthen as the season develops. A practice game with the Daughters of the American Revolution, Boston Chapter, has been arranged.

CHICAGO.—Coach Stagg has been practicing his candidates since early in the summer, as he is anxious to turn out a score-making team. A prominent commercial person, identified, it is reported, with the oil industry, has promised the University \$10,000,000 for each touch-down scored during the regular season and \$5,000,000 for each goal from the field. A winning team is anticipated. The Professors' Dope Society of the University of Chicago, who have done so much for Yeller Journalism, will be cheerleaders the coming season.

WASHINGTON.—The Electoral College will have no team this year, there being an unusual lack of good material.

NEW YORK.—The College season opens to-day with a game between the Spencerian Business College and Bryant & Stratton. The Shipping Clerks' Alumni Association will attend in a body.

Franklin P. Adams.

Prudence goes in when it rains; Foresight, before rains.

A POINT OF VIEW.

STAGE money, though quite worthless
In any kind of deal,
Unto the crafty miser
Most strongly should appeal.

For in no trousers pocket
It ever burns a hole,
And 't is entirely wingless
To glad the tightwad soul.

It will not make the mare go
As swiftly as a walk;
It has a false face value
And will not even talk.

And yet unto the miser
Within his chest to hold,
It should be quite as precious
As eighteen karat gold.

For it will not be stolen
And it will wake no strife,
And he can never spend it
To save his blooming life.

R. K. Munkittrick.

HIS HALLUCINATION.

"I BEHELD a most peculiar sight, as I was driving to town this afternoon," said the recently arrived washing-machine agent. "Just after passing the cemetery I saw a wild-looking man, thin-legged and spindle-necked, clad chiefly in a blue-and-white bed-spread, perched in a tree-top, and every now and then crying out 'Toot! toot!', or something like that, for the edification of quite a gang of men and boys assembled below."



OFF HER MIND.

SHADE OF ROMEO.—See, Jule! Your former residence has been sold at auction and bought by the city of Verona.
SHADE OF JULIET.—Thank heaven! I've lost much sleep fearing it would some day be a Coney Island attraction.



PUBLIC SERVICE.

CITIZEN.—Do you mean to say you could n't get along with less men in your department?
TAMMANY COMMISSIONER.—Not very well; the election is so close in my district that we need every vote we can get.

affected by it; and when the widow heard of his performance and promptly refused to have anything further to do with him, unrequited love added to all the rest of it set him completely crazy and imagining all sorts of things that ain't so. This time, most likely, he thinks he's an automobile."

"But,—my stars, man!—an automobile don't wear a blue-and-white bed-spread and roost in a tree!"

"No, not generally; but I s'pose it might if it was as crazy as Charles Henry is."

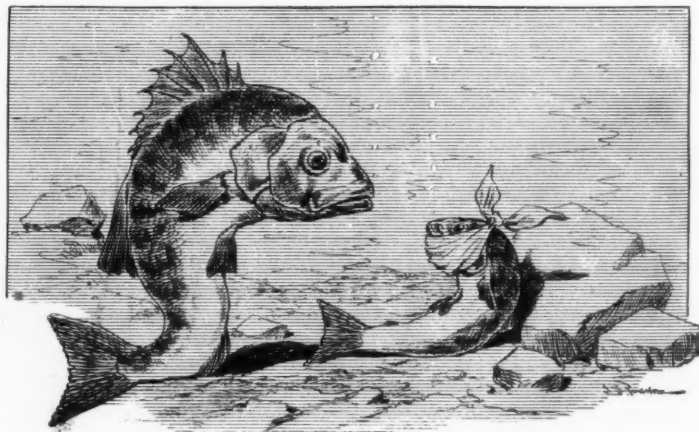
Tom P. Morgan.

MEASURE.

"AT the distance of a stone's throw ahead of us—"
"Wait! Man's throw or woman's throw?"

"Well, a woman's throw. It was very near."

"But the distance of a woman's throw ahead of you would bring it behind you."



THE OLD, OLD STORY.

PAPA BASS.—This is the third time this season you've made a sucker of yourself and got a hook in the jaw in the breakaway. It's good to be dead game, my son, but far better to be alive, so I trust you will now see the folly of trying to get something for nothing.

BILLY BASS (doggedly).—But I never bit twice at the same kind of bait, anyway!

COURAGE.

OF THE two kinds, physical and moral, the moral is the more desirable. With a good stock of moral courage on hand, almost anything can be accomplished. The question is, How acquire it?

Fortunately, it happens that even among the commonplace incidents of life there are situations always arising that may be made use of in the development of true moral courage.

Thus: Whenever a thing is hard to do, do it!

Perchance you are a lover. If your best girl's father be a hard-headed man of affairs, so much the better—this will give the needed practice.

Saunter into his office some day when he is busy,—select his busiest day, if possible,—and slapping him jauntily on the back, say:

"Old fellow, I'm in love with your daughter. I hope you'll like me, and that we'll get on well together; but if we don't—well, I can stand it if you can. And now, in honor of my approaching wedding, let's step out and open a bottle. I'll order it; you'll pay for it."

Your main point, of course, is not to falter—even if you are thrown out of a fifth story window. Only in this way can you acquire a fine line of moral courage.

Later, when married and somewhat settled, maintain the same gait.

When the stork has gone and the trained nurse is in charge, don't be abashed. Lead her into your study and say, sternly:

"Now, my good girl, remember, I am master here. If I want to take the baby out in a linen sweater, with the thermometer below zero, or feed him on shredded felt, I shall do so."

For you will find in your wife a constant source of moral courage, and a stimulus for you to have your own way.

If you should chance to approach the house at three o'clock in the morning, it will be well to announce, by a loud whoop, that you are coming. And the next morning, too, when she has gotten her



SOLAR SILLINESS.

SATURN.—Gee! But Venus was brilliant last night.

JUPITER (*sarcastically*).—Too bad you can't send her a ring or two.

second wind, don't yield. Look as pleasant as your head will permit you to, and tell her that married life would lose half its charm if you could n't do just as you pleased.

And, thus, by and by, you will become a moral giant—if you are still alive.

Tom Masson.

SKUNKED.

Two lonesome skunks by the roadside stood
As an automobile rushed by;
It left an odor far from good,
And a tear was in one's eye

"Oh, why do you weep?" asked his anxious friend.

"Why do you sob and quake?"

"Because that smell," said the other skunk,

"Is like mother used to make."



SEEING NIAGARA FALLS.



WHEN IT HAPPENED.

SHEM.—The Creepyosaurus and the old Limpyosaurus are left at the dock, Pop.
NOAH (*outward bound*).—Let 'em stay. They 're about due to be prehistoric, anyhow.

THE DIARY OF A POPULAR SONG.

SEPTEMBER 6.—I was composed to-day. The author of my being, who is no one less than the noted song-writer Clarence Epstein, was seated at the piano thumping aimlessly with one finger in the key of D—his musical knowledge being unfortunately limited to this key—when the inspiration for ME came all of a sudden. He first thumped out my chorus and then laboriously picked out my first part.

My, but he has endurance in that index finger of his! He must have repeated me fully a score of times, occasionally sorting out a big, crashing chord at the end, and then he called out, "Hey, Maurice, come in here."

In popped a little chap with a cigarette and says, "Got a new one, Clary?"

"Jest you listen!" replied my proud papa, and he performed me with grand effect. I forgot to say that I am one of the sentimental kind, and it was awfully pathetic to hear papa play me. I don't see how a person

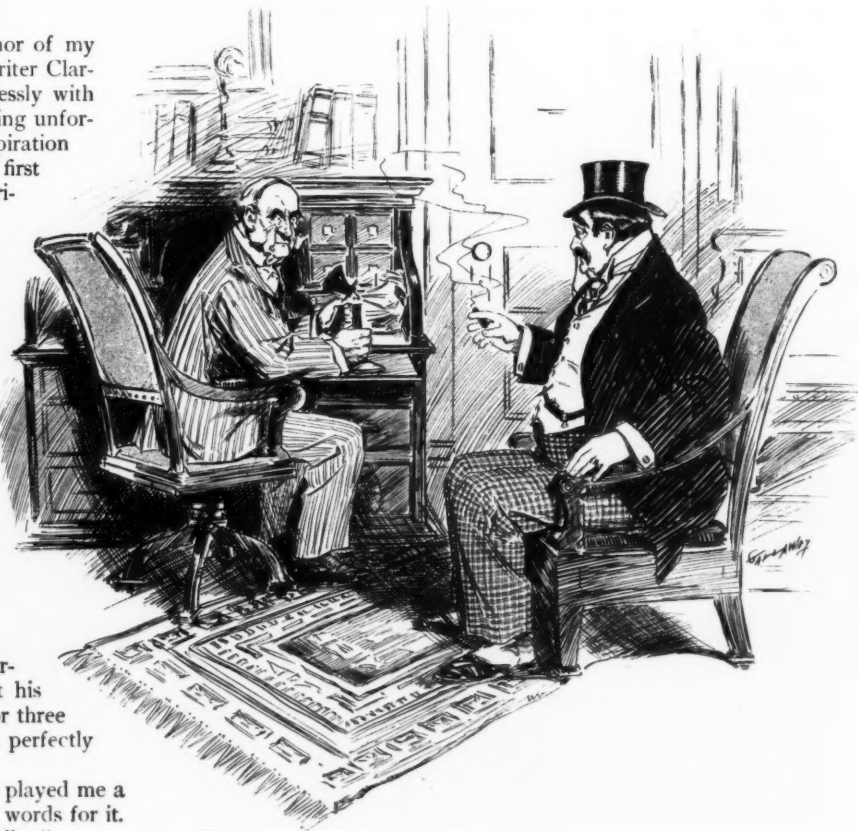
can have so much feeling in one finger.

"Gee, but that 's a winner!" said the little chap when papa had concluded me with one of those "barber-shop" chords; and I knew he meant it, for he had let his cigarette go out. Then, when he had heard me two or three times he sat down and played me himself, bass and all, perfectly beautifully.

"I 'll jot it down for you," he said when he had played me a dozen times or more, "and you wanta get some swell words for it. The right kind of lyric 'll make it the biggest kind of seller."

I love to hear musicians talk about their Art like that, but papa just grunted, for he was figuring away for dear life on a scrap of paper, and it took him half an hour to compute what his royalties ought to be.

SEPTEMBER 8.—A lyric has been fitted to me and I am chris-



ALL OVER.

FIRST GREAT FINANCIER.—Do you—er—ahem!—think it safe to continue to conduct the affairs of the company in this way?

SECOND GREAT FINANCIER.—Why not? Have n't we just been exposed?

It is a pity that Opportunity does so much traveling incog.



L.M. GLACKEN

THE AIRSHIP NECK.

tened, "I Will Come to You, Priscilla, When You Call," which I consider a most imposing title. The words are all about Love and Death and Pearly Gates and it is just lovely all through.

Here is my chorus, and if it would n't make the angels weep, then nothing would.

"I will come to you, Priscilla, when you call;
I will meet you in that grand celestial hall.
Up in Heaven far above
You and me will meet, my love—
I will come to you, Priscilla, when you call."

SEPTEMBER 9.—Papa took me to his publishers to-day, and they were delighted with me. They crowded around and felicitated papa in both words and gesture; from their eager conversation I gathered that in myself the Great American song has arrived at last!

SEPTEMBER 22.—I was published to-day. My cover is a beautiful creation, bearing my title in gold letters, an ideal sketch of Paradise and the picture of Lulu Bazoo, the soubrette who is to introduce me to the dear public. I feel a bit nervous about my debut, but then Lulu has the reputation of making more songs "go" than any other two artists in the business, and they *do* say she has made the fortunes of two or three breakfast foods.

SEPTEMBER 23.—Lulu Bazoo sang me at the Hysteria roof garden last night and I created a furore. Papa, Maurice, and the rest of the boys from the publishing house were down in front, and My, how they applauded! Miss Bazoo had to respond to eight encores, and papa and the others almost blistered their hands. The public had me dinned into their ears most industriously and already there is quite a brisk demand for me.

OCTOBER 1.—*Vive St. Cecelia!* I am the hit of the town and am fairly taking the provinces by storm. Vaudeville performers are clamoring for me, and I am being whistled, sung and played from Harlem to the Battery. Papa is radiant and the publishing company is printing 250,000 more copies of me.

OCTOBER 12.—In less than three weeks my fame has spread from coast to coast. My future is assured. I am, indeed, first in the voices of my countrymen!

OCTOBER 13.—I have been parodied, the test of true greatness!

OCTOBER 15.—Success continues unabated. Half a million copies of me have been sold and the demand is stronger than ever. Three thousand vaudeville artists are "featuring" me twice daily; fifty thousand throaty amateur tenors are warbling me; myriads of maidens are tearfully rendering me and the whole country resounds with me. How sweet is Fame!

OCTOBER 17.—The phonographs and street organs have adopted me. This is, of course, a phase of publicity, but somehow I do not like it.

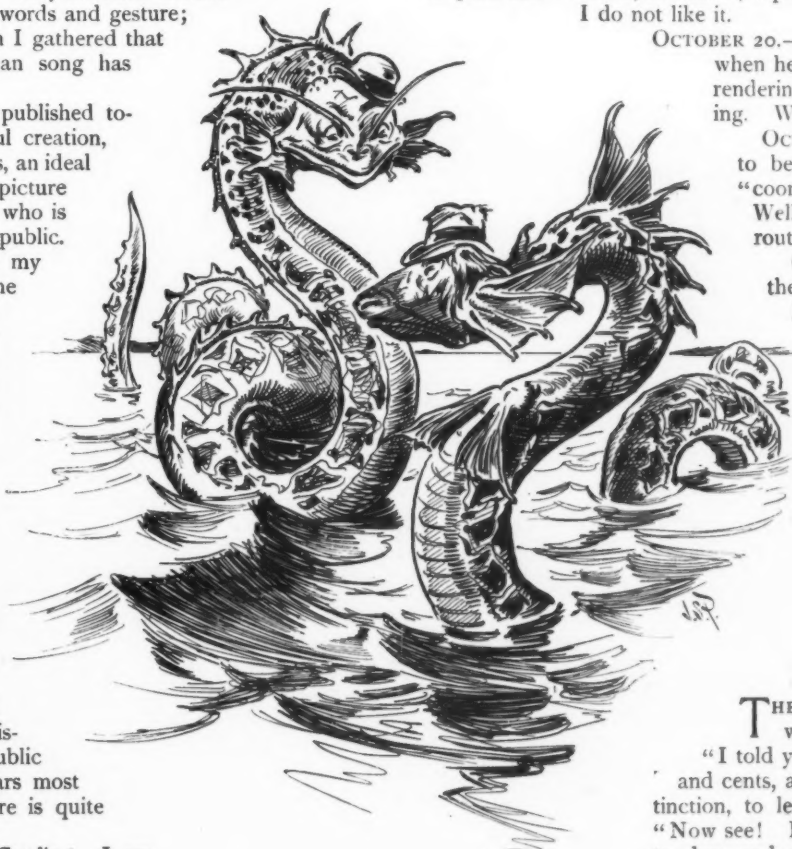
OCTOBER 20.—I heard a man say "Damn!" when he heard a concert phonograph rendering me with variations this morning. What can this mean?

OCTOBER 21.—Everybody seems to be humming an upstart of a "coon" song that has just appeared. Well, anyway, no coon song can rout me!

OCTOBER 22.—Banished from the New York theatres, and even Brooklyn shows signs of rejecting me! Is it possible that I am not to go down to posterity, after all?

OCTOBER 27.—Just five weeks old. Exiled to the department stores and labelled "This lot ten cents." No takers. How ephemeral Fame is!

Arthur D. Pratt.



LOST IN THE PEACE SHUFFLE.

LONG ISLAND SEA SERPENT.—Did you have a successful season?

NEW ENGLAND SEA SERPENT (*disgustedly*).—Naw! I played Portsmouth this year, and nobody paid any attention to me.

COMPENSATION.

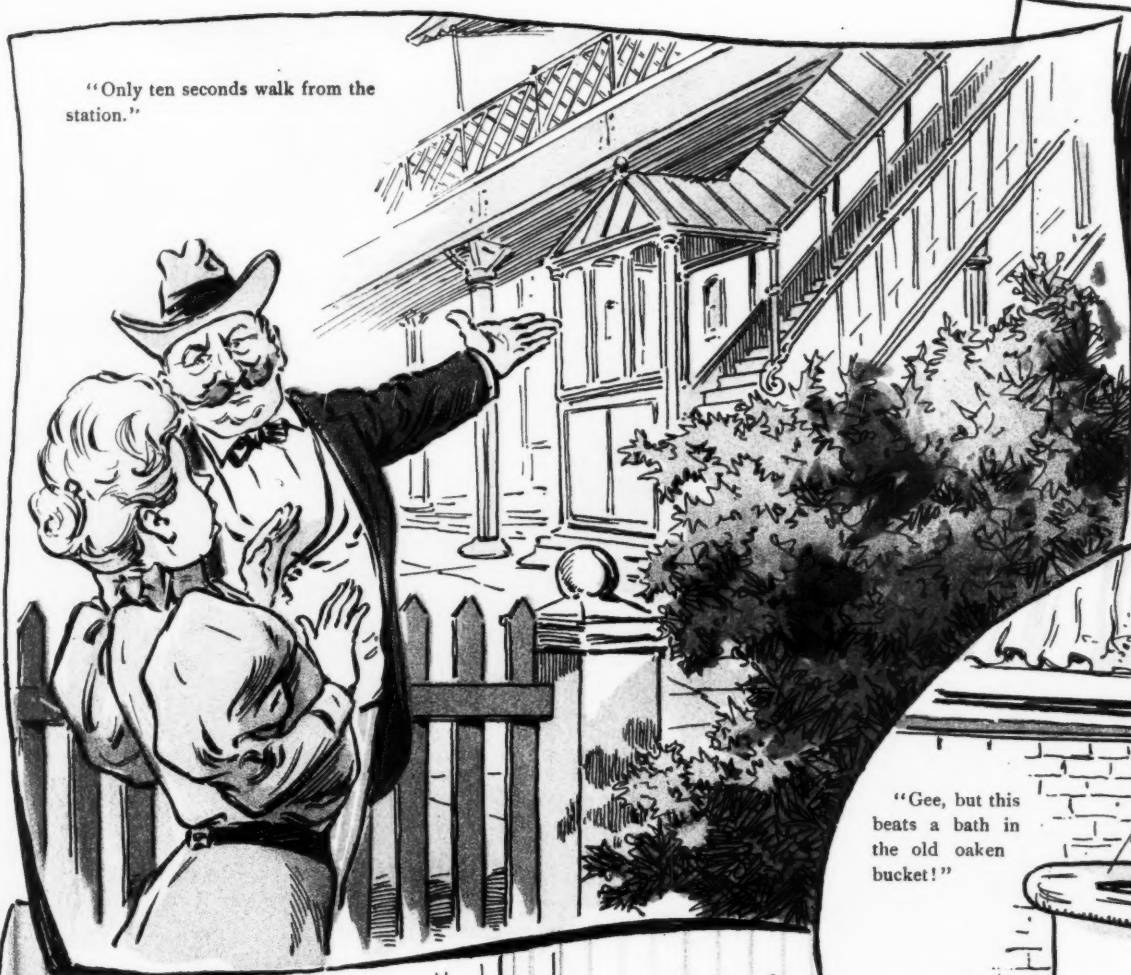
THE woman's fine dark eyes blazed with triumph.

"I told you it would pay me, in dollars and cents, and saying nothing of the distinction, to learn jiu-jitsu," she exclaimed. "Now see! I went into the bargain rushes to-day, and although I weigh less than a hundred pounds, I bought real lace for seventy cents a yard!"

"But," objected her husband, fatuously, "what will you do after everybody has learned jiu-jitsu?"

"I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," replied the woman, with lofty serenity.

"Only ten seconds walk from the station."



"Gee, but this beats a bath in the old oaken bucket!"



"Wonderful, Evangeline! The room is actually larger than the bed!"



"No more canned beets for us!"

AFTER VACATION — THE DISCO

"Ice-cream any old day, not just on Sunday."



"Why, Pa, every note sounds when you hit it."



"Say, Pop, I dreamt about a steak like that most every night."



GAS.

MRS. GADDER.—John, you told me you were at home every night, thinking of me, while I was in the mountains.

MR. GADDER.—Y—yes, p—pet!

MRS. GADDER.—Look at this gas bill. Only twenty-seven cents for the months of July and August!

PUCK

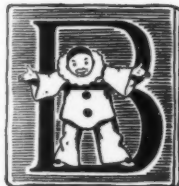


ENLIGHTENED.

KELLY.—Shure, they towld me that Niagry wor harnesssed, but divil th' harness kin I see, — not a thrace!

HOGAN.—Ye pitiful pinhead, ye! Don't ye know it is th' invisible horseliss harness they do be usin'?

A SONG OF GRAFT.



BILLY McWise is a government clerk,
\$1,000 a year he is paid for his work;
But he spends twice as much in the Capital bars
Buying cold bottles and dollar cigars;
Plays on the ponies and never plays light,
Loses a hundred at poker one night;
Banquets and bottles are ever before him,
"Good fellows" praise him, and stage girls adore him;
Life with gay Billy's one roystering stir—
But how can he do it on \$1,000 per?
Graft! — that's all — graft!

Alderman Grabb from the old City Hall
Is coming from Europe some time in the Fall;
He's been on vacation since early in June
(And left Reddy Kelly to run his saloon);
Society columns have told us at home
The places he stopped from Killarney to Rome;
When he played roulette, because 't was amusing,
At gay Monte Carlo and laughed at his losing.
But how can an alderman splurge like a king?
That is a trick of the alderman's "ring."
Graft! — that's all — graft!

Over the hills and valleys so green
Goes Congressman Boodle's racing machine;
The finest machine in the country, we hear,
Cost twenty thousand in Paris this year;
While Congressman Boodle, besides, we are told,
Has bought a French castle, historic and old,
And a Count for his daughter. "An' when all 's adjusted,"
Says Congressman Boodle, "I 'll never go busted,
Becaus' from experience, I will allow,
I know a few tricks of this congressin' now."
Graft! — that's all — graft!

Senator Shears is taking his ease
Sipping champagne in the cool ocean breeze;
Dreaming through rings from a dollar cigar
Of the bright Autumn morn when his rich private car

Will whirl him away on a double-quick run
To gay life again in old Washington;
Days in the lobby with briber and broker,
Nights in the club-rooms with cocktails and poker;
Says Senator Shears: "The White House is fine,
But when it's cold boodle, the Senate for mine!"
Graft! — that's why — graft!

Victor A. Hermann.

BOBBY'S IDEA OF IT.

"M^A," exclaimed Bobby, "do you like any one to bite you?"

"No, dear; why?"

"Well, Mr. Buttin just bit sister on the mouth and she put her arms around his neck and tried to choke him. I guess she does n't like it, either."

APPARENTLY THEY DID.

FRIEND.—Did the lawyers get you confused?

EX-WITNESS.—Did they get me confused?
Why, I testified that Jones lived next door to me, but I could n't remember the street number.

HIS SPECIAL LINE.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Where's that new special man? Has he turned in anything yet?

CITY EDITOR.—He's down at the corner, turning in gin rickeys.

PUNISHMENT.

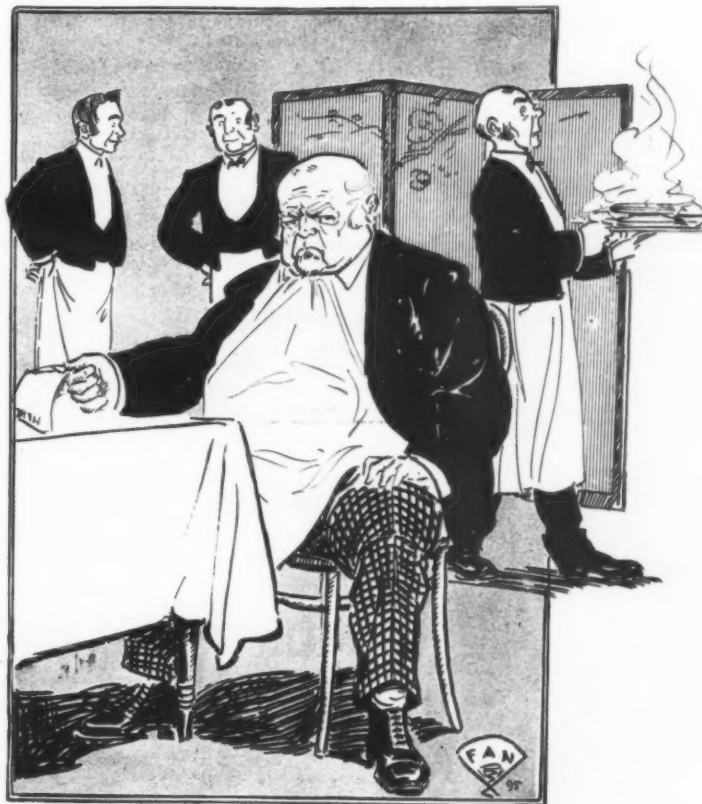
LITTLE LESTER LIVERMORE (*a thoughtful lad*).—Uncle Bill, what makes the way of the transgressor hard?

UNCLE BILL.—The triumphant "I-told-you-so!" of the innocent bystander.

JARRED ON HIM.

JAGGLES.—I see a horse shied at a statue in Central Park.

WAGGLES.—He must have been one of those educated horses.



RACING TERM—WAIT FOR AGE.

To be merely naked and not ashamed signifies little or nothing any more, but to be naked and scrawny and yet not ashamed betokens a fibre of innocence truly noteworthy.

FILLING THE BILL.
Said the gas office clerk,
"I'm performing my work
With great and exceptional skill.
It is widely agreed
That I always succeed
In thoroughly filling the bill."
—*Washington Star*

Tax assessors meet a great many
men of untold wealth.—*Chicago Daily
News.*



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Disappoints

This Has Won for It
Phenomenal Success

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL !



MISSING.

VISITING GOLFER.—Are the links out this way, me good man?
I've missed them, somehow.

THE VILLAGE WAG.—Yep; keep right on till yew see the other
missing links, and that's the first—what d' ye call 'em—tee.

Do you get up tired and feel tired all day? Try a
tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in sweet-
ened water before meals. At grocers or druggists.

ITS ORIGIN.

Mary had a little lamb
At whom she often laughed;
"I was given to her papa by
A boodler after graft."
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

A WONDER IN HIS WAY.

"He will never excel in anything."
"Ah, you are mistaken, my dear sir.
He is our leading authority on stamp
flirtation."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I AM awfully poor, you know,"
began the smitten young man, "but—"
"Well," interrupted the frigid-hearted
heiress, "I'm willing to help you
along in the world. Here's a nickel
to pay your car fare home."—*Chicago
News.*



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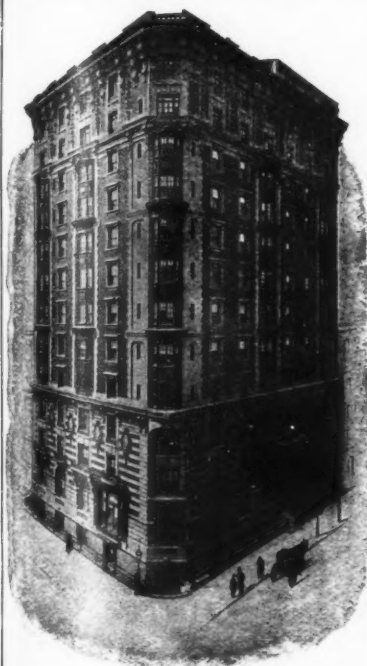
HEARTLESS.

COHENSTEIN.—I toldt my wife dot she vos driving me to der wall with her extravagance, undt she saidt may pe I couldt gompromise with der wall at 50 cents on der tollar.

HOTEL SEVILLE

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PROOF AT HAND.

"Woman's work," sighed the young wife, "is never done."

"I guess that's right," rejoined the man who had been paying the freight for six months, "especially if these biscuits of yours come under the head of work."—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE EASIEST IN SIGHT.

VISITOR.—What are you going to be when you grow up, James?

JAMES.—A bricklayer.

VISITOR.—Why are you going to be a bricklayer?

JAMES.—'Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work.—*The Detroit News.*

IN FRONT.

"Why do you put that young man forward so prominently?" asked the politician. "Do you think he is qualified to be a leader in public affairs?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes a man goes to the front under the impression that he is a leader, when he is merely a cow-catcher, to keep the track clear and receive the bumps."—*Washington Star.*

FIRST GREAT DEPRESSION.

"What," may I ask, "was the keenest disappointment of your career?" asked the anxious interviewer.

The great financier stared coldly at the ink bottle. "It was when I was four years old, I think," he drawled, "when I woke up one morning and found my red balloon shrunken to one-fourth the size of the day before."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MATRIMONY is a great institution; it makes a man forget his other troubles. *Chicago Daily News.*

"WOULD'N'T you like to be one of the four hundred?" asked the little boy with social aspirations. "Naw," replied the baseball kid, "I'd radder be one o' de nine."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"POP!" "Yes, my son." "What is a screen for?" "To hide things, my boy." "Pop!" "Yes, my son." "Is that the reason they screen a ton of coal, to hide the weight?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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A LOVER OF NATURE.

I love to wander through the dells
And o'er the verdant hills
Where every modest signboard tells
Of someone's patent pills.

I love to stroll where rushes sprout
And cast a soulful eye
Upon the signs that tell about
Somebody's famous rye.

I love to climb the topmost peak
That rises toward the skies
And see the signs that to me speak
Of wondrous hooks and eyes.

And when I'm tired I love to snooze
Upon the grassy slopes
Hemmed in by signs that tell of booze
Tobacco, drugs and soaps.
—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

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THE OPEN DOOR.
In Saratoga now, they say,
A man can sit in any day,
And get almost as many shocks
As if he tried a deal in stocks.
—*Indianapolis News.*

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.
EDNA.—The count has been in bathing. He says he feels like a beet.
MAY.—Yes, I heard the hotel clerk say he believed he was a beet.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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THE GREATER AVERSION.
"Don't the mosquitoes annoy you?"
"Yes," answered Farmer Cornfossel.
"But I'm almost willin' to stand 'em fur the sake of seein' them summer boarders pestered."—*Washington Star.*

"If I had my life to live over again, I would do very differently," sighed the repentant man, gloomily.
"So would I," chirped Cheerup. I've let more good things get by me "than you could shake a stick at."—*Detroit Free Press.*

It's surprising what a number of practical things are impractical when you try them.—*Chicago Daily News.*

DEAD soldiers draw no pensions.—*Chicago Daily News.*



ONE COMING.

WAITER.—Your check, sir.

POET (absently) — Not mine; I have n't had one in six months.

With men of affairs, Abbott's Angostura Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. They are recommended by leading physicians. All druggists.

EVEN SO.

"Ours is a very contradictory language," said the demoralizer.
"For instance?" queried the moralizer.

"Well," explained the demoralizer, "when we say a man is a 'corker' we usually mean that he's an uncorker."—*Chicago Daily News.*

CHANGE.

"The dime novels that we read in our youth have gone out of existence," said the man with iron-gray hair.

"Yes," answered the man with the bald spot; "if you want that kind of reading now you've got to go to a regular book store and pay a dollar and a half for it."—*Washington Star.*

CHURCH.—I see they're getting the habit in Philadelphia of ordering pie at breakfast.

GOTHAM.—Philadelphia, did you say?

CHURCH.—Yes, Philadelphia.

GOTHAM.—Oh! Well, you know, if they order it at breakfast in Philadelphia, they'll probably get it for dinner.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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—*Detroit Free Press.*

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—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetiser and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

CIRCULATED SOME.

"Have you a library in your town?"
asked the New York man.
"Oh, yes," replied the Westerner.
"A circulating one?"
"Well, it wasn't intended for that sort
of a library, but we had two or three
cyclones out our way that circulated it
considerably!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE FAMILY OCCUPATION.

Mother's in a carriage,
Daughter's dressed to kill,
Son is playing rouge et noir
And father pays the bill.
—*Washington Star.*

POOR CHILD.

MRS. HANAGAN.—My! but the
Aberns are crazy-mad.

MRS. FLANAGAN.—What's the mat-
ter wid thim?

MRS. HANAGAN.—In an absint-
minded moment they christened their
baby 'Aloysius Patrick.' Jist think o'
the initials of him!—*Catholic Standard
and Times.*

COULDN'T GET RICH QUICK THERE.

"James! James Pillsbury! I'm sure
there's a burglar down stairs!"

"A burglar! Well, go to the head
of the stairs, my dear, and tell him he's
made a mistake in the house. The
man who owns the get-rich-quick con-
cern lives next door."—*Cleveland
Plain Dealer.*

EFFECT OF A FULL STOMACH.

Give a man all he wants to eat and
drink and he will find it easy enough
to preach to others upon the duty of
abstinence.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is possible, of course, for a short
man to look dignified sometimes, but
he has to do it sitting down.—*Somer-
ville Journal.*

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ALWAYS SLEEPING.

CHURCH.—I wonder what in the world the policemen do, this weather?
GOTHAM.—Why?
CHURCH.—It's too hot to sleep!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

For Sale: Puck's Originals



IN response to the many requests for original drawings of pictures that have
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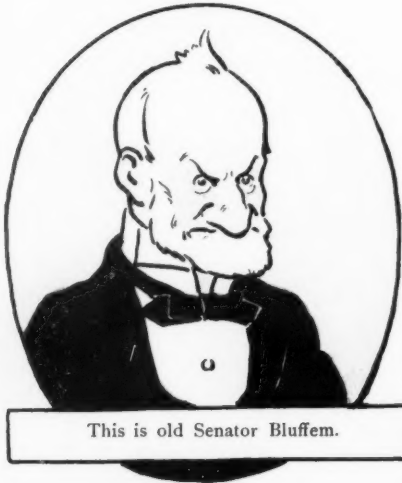
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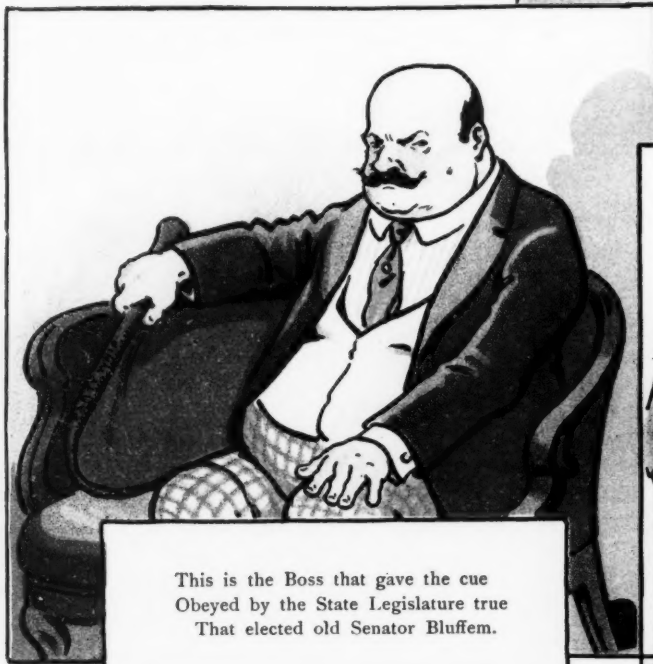
THE SENATE THAT TRUSTS BUILD



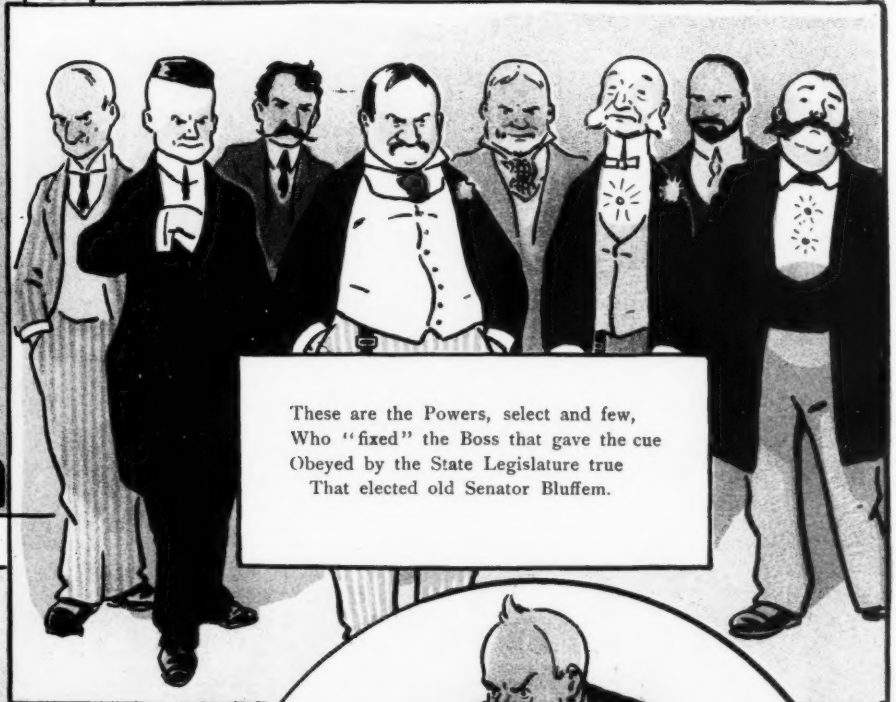
This is old Senator Bluffem.



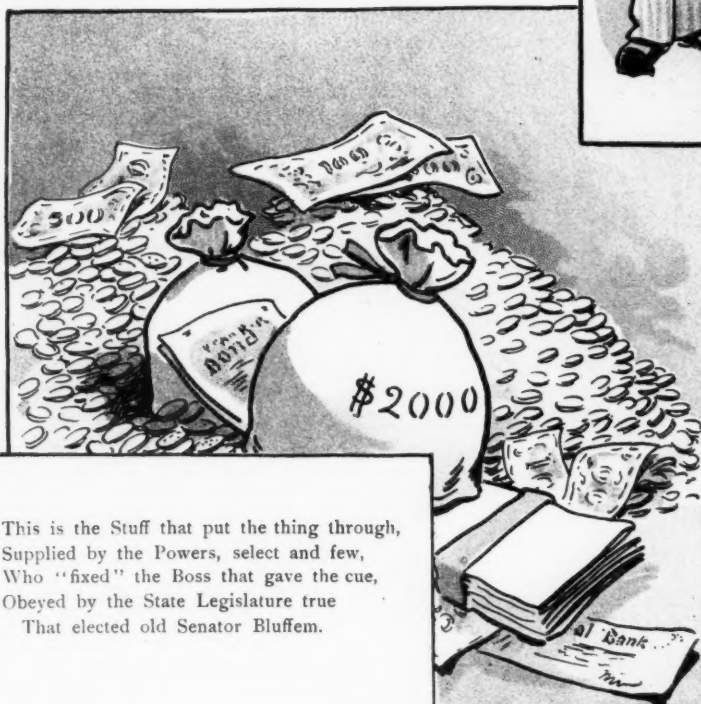
This is the State Legislature true
That elected old Senator Bluffem.



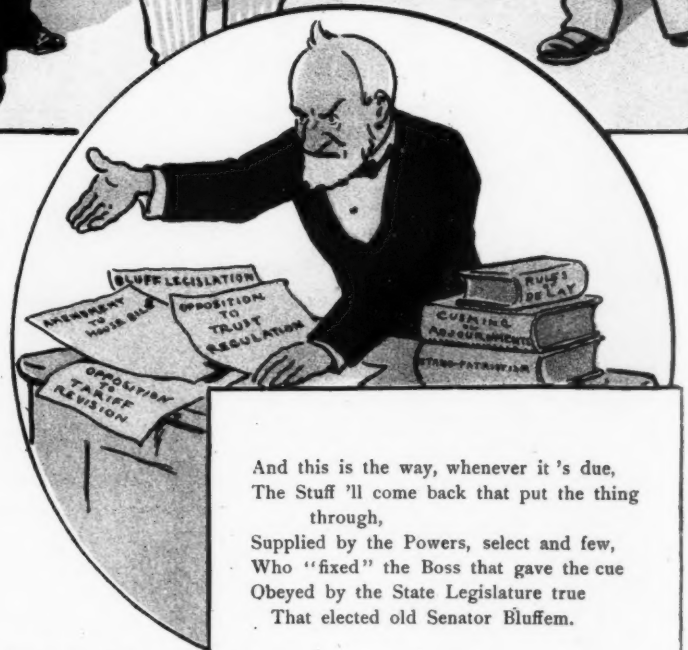
This is the Boss that gave the cue
Obeyed by the State Legislature true
That elected old Senator Bluffem.



These are the Powers, select and few,
Who "fixed" the Boss that gave the cue
Obeyed by the State Legislature true
That elected old Senator Bluffem.



This is the Stuff that put the thing through,
Supplied by the Powers, select and few,
Who "fixed" the Boss that gave the cue,
Obeyed by the State Legislature true
That elected old Senator Bluffem.



And this is the way, whenever it's due,
The Stuff 'll come back that put the thing
through,
Supplied by the Powers, select and few,
Who "fixed" the Boss that gave the cue
Obeyed by the State Legislature true
That elected old Senator Bluffem.

L.M. GLACKENS